

10-1949

## UA99/6/2 T 'n' T October

Bowling Green Business University

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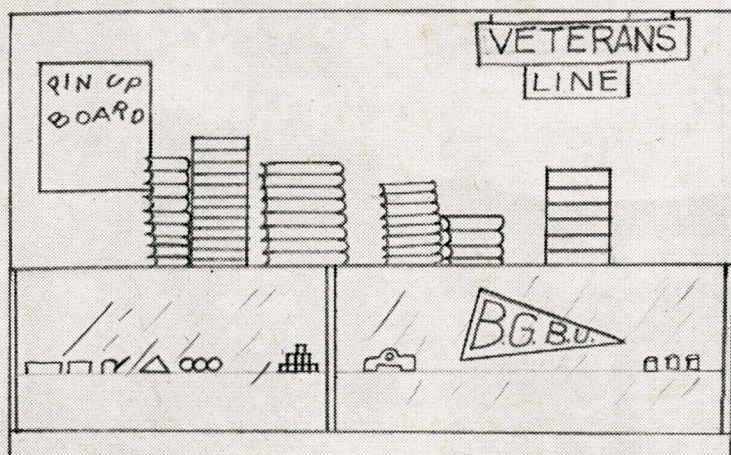
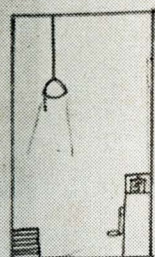
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# TNT

## BOOKSTORE



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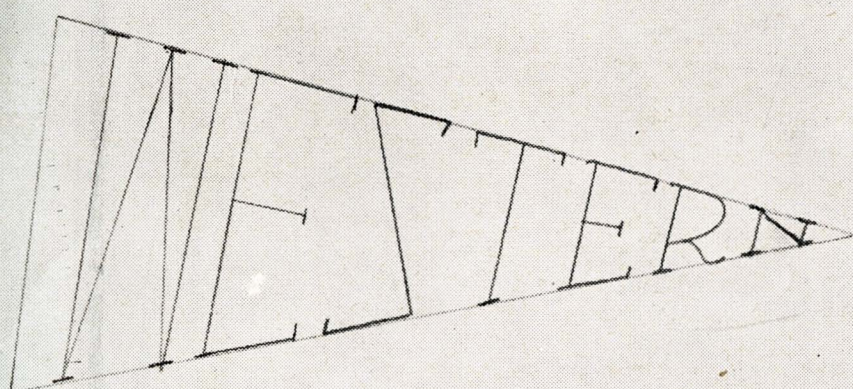
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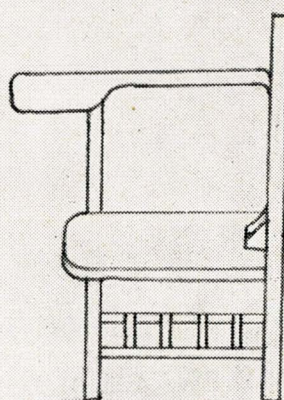
TOPPERS  
MEETING  
TONIGHT

PSA  
TONIGHT  
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TTN  
TONIGHT 7:00  
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Meeting  
TONIGHT

AΣ  
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*Dutch*



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MARY MEAD  
MADDICK—  
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## *Editorial*

A clock in a jewelers window in a small Western town stopped running at twenty minutes past eight one morning. Children on their way to school stopped and seeing what time it was, played. Business men, thinking that they had plenty of time, stopped to talk. The whole town ran late that day because of one small clock.

We the students are like that small clock. Tycoons?—no. Geniuses?—probably not. Insignificant?—well, not quite. You see, we are at the present time preparing ourselves to go out and take the place of our fathers. The work we do today will reflect itself tenfold tomorrow and the world awaits our efforts, little though they may seem now. That is why we must realize the importance of day to day work. Every second that ticks away is gone forever, never to be seen or experienced again. Have YOU gotten the full benefit from it? If at the end of each day you can't look back and say "Well, I did more today than I did yesterday," you're not making any progress. Oliver Wendall Holmes once said, "Mans mind stretched to a new idea never goes back to its original dimensions."

Although we must work hard to achieve our goals we must remember that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I would like to quote from a letter I received from Mr. J. Murray Hill, President of B. U. "A good scholastic record is essential, but it is not sufficient in the development of well rounded young citizens. We want our graduates to be technically competent, but we want them, also, to have some sense of leadership." There are various fraternities, sororities and clubs in school so why not join one and be an integral working part of its friendly mechanism. When your school days are over and you face the world with backbone, knowledge and leadership ability you will be able to tackle any problem with assuredness. The school will be proud of you, your people will be proud of you and best of all—you will be proud of yourself.

Dutch Isert, Associate Editor



# Toppers "N" Towers Staff

VOLUME 1, NO. 7

OCTOBER, 1949

PAUL R. MADDOX, *Editor-In-Chief*

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JAMES CLEGG .....	Western Editor, Sports Editor
JOE KESLER .....	Associate Editor
HAROLD GREENFIELD .....	Business Manager
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## B. U. Starts Debate Club

On Wednesday, September 14, the initial meeting of the new debate club at B. U. was held.

The students showed great interest in the idea of bringing to B. U. a real first class debate club and debate team. At the time of this printing the officers have not been elected, but were scheduled to have the election in the near future.

At one time debating was the biggest thing in B. U. and in this part of Kentucky, surpassing all other events. It is the hope of those joining the new club to have such an organization in existence once more. There is still room for students interested in such an organization.

It is also the hope of the organizers to engage in debates with other colleges throughout the state of Kentucky. It is the hope of the members that all students will take an active part in this new organization. Meetings are now being held every Tuesday at 10:30 in Room 23.

"Doctor, will I be able to read after I get my glasses?"

"Indeed you will."

"Well, that'll be great, I never could read before."

"You've got an awful big mouth, haven't you Mama?"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, Papa told nurse last night that you swallowed everything he told you!"

"Did you have a good time at the dentist's?"

"No—I was bored to tears."

"We had an accident at our place yesterday. A terrific explosion."

"What happened?"

"Well, I gave one of our chickens 'lay or bust' feed, and it turned out to be a rooster."

A clock that isn't running is right twice a day.

"My wife is untidy, nagging all the time, extravagant and doesn't understand me."

"When did you meet those other women?"

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in Oregon, but I went to school in Chicago."

"Gee—you had some way to go, didn't you?"

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# Sabotage

Ring in a new year for all fools looking for an education—one way or another. Honestly, from frosh to big-wheel seniors WELCOME to B. U. Looks as if I'll ring in the season with all the latest dust and dirt from the g-o-s-s-i-p spade. It will probably mean the end of my social career, but it's all in the interest of progressive journalism. B r e a t h l e s s l y:

If you will walk up College Street, you will find a great many new girls and very cute at that. (For the benefit of men only).

Edna Cory, vivacious brunette from W. Va., is never lonesome for male company, but it seems that Charlie is tops on her list.

Marjorie R. looks kinda lonesome this year without Ed. Let's all see if we can keep her happy.

If you see a big black convertible racing around town, you have probably run into Arab Abe Cury (or vice-versa).

It seems that W. Va. has a big majority of girls going K. B. Pi. (orchids to the Hillbillies.) There was a big response for the PANTS PARTY given at the 12th Street Grill.

To all new intellectual students who haven't met very many of your fellow-inmates, just stop in at the Recreation Center, across the street from The University Inn, and you will meet anyone and everyone.

I give the boys at Rogers' a lot of credit. It seems like ole-times to see all of them sitting out front every day.

Mary Donta and Georgia Fannin jjust couldn't stay away from this Party-Party town, but they should have come back to stay.

Benny Murphy, (one of the Three Musketeers) was left behind to take care of things around here while Choc Davis and Fay Smith wondered off into this cold cruel world to see what it had to offer them. If you will trudge up to the second floor, you might see Benny selling peanuts and popcorn.

(Take A Hint Fellows) all work and no play will make Jack a Dull boy. Lets give the girls a break.

The Anniversary Ball had quite a turn out. A large majority of the faculty members were there.

Harry Tandy Leigh, has a habit of falling behind schedule. He missed the boat in Paducah, Annapolis and Frankfort. Come on Harry we are rooting for you.

If you hear of a party, you will know that it is Eva, Tut, Dutch and Benny. Party! Party!

Hey, Ralph Williams—why don't you give the girls a break? They're only human you know.

Is it the early morning dew or the late afternoon brew that causes Bill H. to lose his voice?

Lee Burgess is mighty happy these days. Could it be that his girl friend is coming down the 30th? Right Lee?

Has Bob Brent been going to see Dr. Myers or could it be some little young lady who stays there?

(Continued on Page 16)

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## A Round With "Dutch"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead—Who's never turned his head and said: "Not Bad!" And this semester that two-



DUTCH

one is right and one's left.

Greetings and hallucinations studes, grads, frosh, transferees, faculty and friend (I do have one, too). This column, as I explained in last Spring's issues is for your gripes, peeves, and news of who most recently bumped their eye against a curb stone. Tsk, tsk, Frank, that's a mighty weak excuse.... There have been more black eyes around the last two weeks than there were when a Limey ship hit Norfolk.

Ordinarily I have a personality to introduce to you but today I'll do away with that and suggest something to you. Suppose that you saw a little girl get run over by an auto. You rush her to a hospital where it is necessary to give her a transfusion, but they can't because they have no plasma in supply. I'd be willing to bet most anything that you would be the first to volunteer to give her this chance to live. Yet, such emergencies

worded phrase has been heard over and over. Some-time ago it was said that 98% of the women in the world were beautiful. The other 2% went here to school. Can't say that now. So much feminine pulchritude I haven't seen since I tried to join the W. A. C.'s. They wouldn't take me cause my feet don't match—

could be prevented. You don't write a check then put money in the bank, you deposit the money first then draw on it. Such is the way with blood. The Red Cross Blood Bank comes around about once a month. The process is painless, the time consumed very little, and the good you do is unmeasureable. All you do is let them fill out a form for you, check your blood to see if you're physically well enough to give, then give. Only a few minutes time and priceless benefits are derived. The next time they come back to Bowling Green how about giving a pint just to prove to yourself that it is painless and have that good feeling when you walk out the door that you have done something for someone who would do the same for you.... Life is a mirror and will reflect back to the do-er what he does into it.

Well, school has started and the wheels of education roll forward—for most people. There are many new students and with the old students we have a wonderful school at B. U. and Western at this writing is getting underway towards the same spirit the studes had previously. Most of the G. I.'s are gone so many young faces are appearing on both campuses, but youngsters, don't let the few years age difference in some of the older students and yourself fool you. Just because there is snow on the roof doesn't mean that there is no fire in the furnace.... There's a fellow at B. U. with a black car. From conversation overheard the best thing that he can do is take the car home, then come back and show everyone that he can be considerate, polite, and cooperative. Think it over buddy, you have the ability but an ability or a trait may be neither good nor bad in itself. It is the application of it that counts.... Have you all noticed that Frances G. is awfully interested in a green Studebaker.... The In-

(Continued on Page 18)



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# GOSSIP-----Western Wheels

Well, guys and gals another vacation is over and another year of this, that and the other is off to a good start. It's just like old times to see the familiar faces back again and speaking of faces, have you ever seen so many freshmen? I happened to be passing through Cherry Hall the day they registered....quite a collection! It's great to have them, as everyone will agree, and here's hoping each and every one will have a wonderful year. And say, kids, don't look so bothered and bewildered. Everything is going to be just fine. If the going gets tough just find some upperclassman with a soft shoulder and let go with the sad story. They're good for something—I think.

Incidentally, who turned those wedding bells on? They certainly have had a workout this summer. Congrats, best wishes and all that to Jeane and Punk, Jane and Bob, Elsie and Nick, Carolyn and Tip, Joy and Buddy, etc. Whew! Looks like this is going on indefinitely.

It seems a few changes have been made on the Hill lately. How about the new occupants of the Rock House? Not bad, huh? Definitely not bad is a certain S. Stevens who hails from Louisville. A little bird told me the Navy had taken care of her future, though. But what about the present, Steve?

Speaking of B. U. and Western combinations—Jim F. and Jean B. are still a steady little twosome.

What's up Gene? Having a hard time deciding which one?

Come on now, Betty Ann. What goes where a certain Western basketball star and you are concerned?

All I seem to be doing is asking questions. Guess we'll just have to wait for the answers.

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**CHECK'S GRILL**  
AND  
For Good Clean Fun  
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Wilma and J. H. go well together, especially where there's jitterbugging.

Jean De Vore and Aubrey Embry are still an example of that thing called true love. This should be a lesson for some of the fickle hearted love birds on the Hill.

From the look of things George Ann and Johnnie are making a rather steady pair. They're certainly a cute couple.

We know you're lonesome Tom. But cheer up. Martha won't forget the way to Bowling Green.

Helen Neill and Huck Martin seem to agree that dating very steady is the thing.

Looks as though Bobbie Jean and Johnny are happy to be together again.

Betty Jane Miller evidently thinks that Tompkinsville isn't such a bad place to spend the summer vacation.

Flash! The latest report has it that the previously mentioned Jim and J. H. have been seen at the Moose two consecutive nights in a condition which may be described as stag. Wot happened?

Need a date, boys? Let me lend a helping hand. How about adding these numbers to your little black book? Here's an introduction to a few which are considered tops on the Hill—1702, 551, and 340. In other words—West Hall, New Dorm and the Rock House.

No, I didn't forget you, girls. In case you haven't heard, the tables have turned as far as Potter Hall is concerned. And if

(Continued on Page 21)

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# CHARM



Photograph by Johnson-Malone

PAT HUGHART  
Business University  
Logan, West Virginia



Photograph by Johnson-Malone

POPPY HAGAN  
Western  
Greensburg, Kentucky



# Rigger Meets Mr. LeGrande

By Post Mortum

(Editor's note—Any resemblance between the characters depicted in this story and anyone living is purely intentional and those people are better off dead.)

In the event, far-fetched as it may seem, that others besides B. U. students might accidentally read this magazine, it behooves us, in all fairness to our Alma Mater, to try to give them an understanding of our college. Therefore, I shall endeavor to describe briefly a short day in the life of an average student—or, an average day in the short life of a student—or, a day in the average life of a short student. All three fit Rigger, who is both short and average, to say the least and the least said the better.

We find Rigger at 8:02, hurrying into room 8, his arms loaded down with books which seem to be on the verge of spewing out on the floor both fore and aft. Let us look for a moment at Rigger. His round bullet-head is covered in the front by a face which even a mother would find difficulty in loving. Tiny, narrow-set eyes peer out solemnly over the bridge of a long hawk-like nose which in turn is located in the usual place—above the mouth. The back of the head is about the same as anyone else's except it is a little flatter. From there, the head drops directly to the shoulders without the aid of a neck. His shoulders are broad and strong and his waist and hips narrow. With

another face and intellect, he would cause many a female to swoon on sight. On second thought, another face is all that's necessary.

Rigger is dressed in the usual collegiate outfit—overalls and tennis shoes. The overalls are in the modish pastel shades and the shoes a ripe rust color. All in all, he cuts a figure the like of which is seen on all campuses of the country.

Mr. LeGrande has already begun the lesson and Rigger is somewhat overcome to observe that he seems to be trying vainly to cuss out his front-row-satellites but he is so excited that he can do nothing but stammer. "Ish, ish, ish, ish, chay, chay, chay, chay, jay, jay, jay, jay, gay, gay, gay, gay," goes Mr. LeGrande. Little does Rigger know that the Prof. is simply speaking in shorthand. As he notices the newcomer, he ceases his apparent tirade and turns to the door. "And who are you?" he asks pleasantly.

"My name is Mortis; Rigger Mortis. Kin I set in? I jist registered.

"You're a little late," says LeGrande. "But I imagine you can catch up if you apply yourself. You'll have to work hard but I'll tutor you a little after class each day and that may help you some."

"Nossir, you don't have to do that," cried Rigger indignantly. "I kin git along O. K. by myself. I guess yore wonderin' how I got sich a funny name. I know "Rigger" ain't common, but you see,

(Continued on Page 22)

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# Love With A French Accent

William M. Fatkin

Unlike Gaul, all writers divide themselves into two types—those who say what they mean and those who think they speak French. "Give a man a drum and he'll beat it" is an old proverb I just thought up. Give a modern writer two years of high school French and he'll frustrate you with it for the rest of his natural life. Let me quote a passage from *Surrender in the Moonlight* by Major Nekache.

"Her glorious face radiant with her awakened love, she surrendered. As her pliant form melted into his arms, she raised her eager lips to his and with the innocence of a lovely child, begged mutely for his caresses. He tightened his arms convulsively about her ivory shoulders and closed her parted lips with burning kisses. Every fiber of her being cried out in ecstasy as she returned kiss for kiss. Finally, in the throes of an emotion greater than both of them, he muttered hoarsely, lapsing unconsciously into the language so familiar to them from their days in the little art school just off the Rue de la Paix: '*Ah, ma petit chou. Ma montre est plus jolie que celle que vous avez achetee.*' (See footnote 1) The utter despair in his voice resolved her. Her face burning like a brand at her timidity, she entwined her warm arms tenderly about his neck, brushed his neck with her dewy lips and answered him in a voice laden with emotion. '*Il a ses cadeaux; elle a les siens, mon cherie.*' (See footnote 2)

Yessir, that's what they said. And how are we who never attended that little art school just off the Rue de la Paix expected to get the punch line? It's not that I don't speak French—I do—and quite fluently.—Donnez moi une cognac—Donnez moi un bouteille de vin—Ou est les made-moiselles? I learned to speak it as all languages should be learned—by getting down among the people and speaking it. Learn by doing. You can't learn to speak French like I do from a book or from a teacher who has never been nearer to France than Paris, Ill. Consequently, we who speak the real French can't understand the kind used by the writers of today.

Not all writers, of course, are ambilingual. Many, thinking they were going to have to work for a living, inadvertently took the commercial course in school.

They overcome this handicap and achieve the same effect with a pocket thesaurus, (purchased at any book store for two-bits) the back of which is filled with foreign words and phrases. These can be dropped indiscriminately throughout the story and are guaranteed to confuse the reader just as thoroughly as the complete sentences. I quote from *Surrender at High Noon* by I. C. Nutting, the eminent playwright:

"Aha!" cried the irate husband as he burst in upon the unsuspecting lovers. "At last I've caught you *flagrante delicto* and *en deshabille* to boot. (see footnotes 3 and 4) With a mighty lunge, he attacked the luckless Maurice and rendered him *hors de combat*." (footnote 5)

See what I mean? If you have a thesaurus or a good dictionary, you can keep abreast of an author of this type. If not, supply your own interpretation. You'll probably enjoy it more this way anyhow.

In a lower strata but still in the same category are those improvised writers who do not have a quarter. Does this deter them from this foul means of euphemistical evasion? You know it doesn't. They become asterisk experts. An illustrative passage is found in *I Give Up* by Seymour Ptomaine.

"Tenderly, he lifted her languid form in his strong arms and strode purposefully toward the comfortable divan before the roaring fire. His breath was coming in short pants and she was having clothes trouble too. He laid her gently on the soft cushions and pressed his fevered lips to hers. \*\*\* \*\* (footnote 6) The next day dawned bright and early as—etc. etc.

Footnote 1 Strangely enough, this sentence has nothing whatsoever to do with the situation. He is simply asking her, "have you tried Listerine lately?"

Footnote 2 More amazingly still, her question not only does not concern the situation, it doesn't even have anything to do with the question. She asks, "I wonder what time it is in Lysol, Kentucky?"

Footnote 3 *flagrante delicto*—you delicious thing, you,

Footnote 4 *en deshabille*—He meant to say something else but got his tongue twisted and that is what came out.

Footnote 5 *Hors de combat*—It looked like a horse had run over him.

Footnote 6 These things mean that—Oh, you know what they mean as well as I do so why should I stick my neck out for the censors?



# Jest Rambling

By Joe Kesler

I'm kinda new at this paper writing and I have been instructed on how to put fire into this column —After you have read this through you will have wished that I had reversed the procedure.

One time a fellow like me was just starting out, a blacksmith's assistant by trade, and he was following instructions like me.

"Now, look," said the blacksmith. "I'll get the shoe from the fire and place it on the anvil, like this. When I nod my head, you hit it with the hammer."

The assistant followed his instructions perfectly, but now he's looking for a new job.

I ran across a fellow the other day that was 102 years old. I asked him how he could be so old and still look so well and young. This was his story.

"Grandmaw and I were married 75 years ago, and on our wedding night we made an arrangement that whenever we had a squabble, the one who proved wrong would go out for a walk. "Son," he

says, "I've been in the open air almost continuously for 75 years."

I attended a party the other day where the hostess, rather proud of her voice, rendered "Carry Me Back To Ole Virginnee" in a rich and throaty tremolo. She was touched to notice a distinguished, white-haired gentleman bow his head and weep quietly as the last notes floated over the room.

As soon as she could, she went over to him and asked: "Pardon me but are you a Virginian?"

"No, Madam," said the elderly man, brushing away a tear, "I am a musician."

While we are on the subject of music, I overheard a lady talking with a gentleman at Bowling Green's new \$80,000 radio station.

"Don't you like my voice?"

"Madam," he said sadly, "I have played on the white keys, and I have played on the black keys—but you sing in the cracks!"

First two days have been rather trying at B. U. this semester. I am lacking the first finger on my right hand. Wore it off pointing out the direction of room 29 and 3 to the new students.

(Continued on Page 24)



**Preston Fools Charlie McCarthy**

Shown above is Preston, the magician and hypnotist as he pulled a rabbit out of Charlie McCarthy's famous top hat.

Preston will appear on the stage of the Armory Building on Thursday and Friday, October 13th and 14th, at 8 p. m. Besides a show of magic which won for him the famous Blackstone Cup, Preston will present a demonstration of real hypnotism in which he actually hyptonizes volunteer subjects from the audience, causing them to perform many strange and unbelievable antics.

This is truly a show you can't afford to miss. This unusual attraction is brought to Bowling Green through the efforts of the Veterans Club of B .U.



## Men of Distinction



Photograph by Johnson-Malone



### BENNY MURPHY

Benny Murphy, President of the Senior Class, President of Topper's Fraternity, Treasurer of Beta Pi Honorary Honorary Accounting Fraternity, Co-Editor of the 1950 Towers and Assistant to Murray Hill, Jr., in the book store, has been nominated as B. U.'s most outstanding man of the month.

Benny hails from Somerset, Ky. He finished high school in Somerset in May of 1945. Upon completion of his high school work, he entered Eastern State Teachers College on a football scholarship. Not long after entering college, Benny was called into the army in which he served until May of 1947. Benny will graduate in May with a degree in High Accounting.

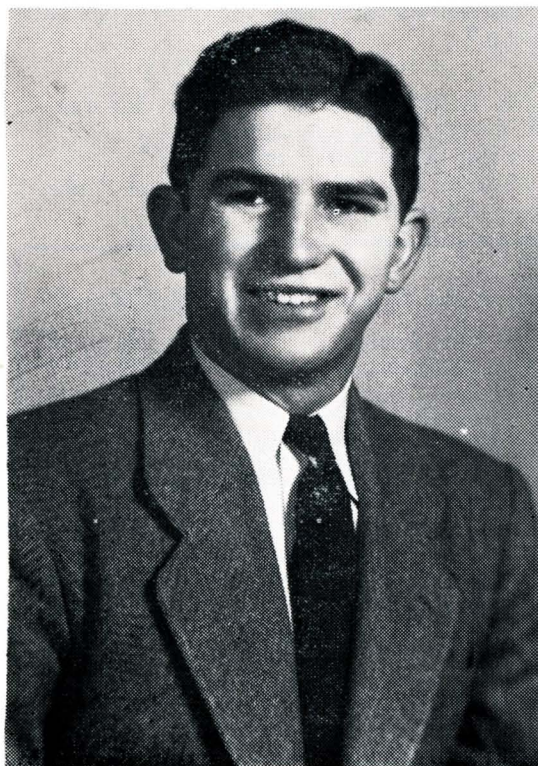
### PAUL FENWICK



Western's pride and joy this month is Paul Fenwick, Freshman in the College of Agriculture. Paul comes from Lebanon, Ky. Mr. Fenwick has a very active life in Saint Augustine High School, playing football for three years and softball the same number. He also had time to serve as President of the Junior Class.

Paul served three years with the army, and spent 14 months of this time in Korea.

T "N" T salutes you, Paul Fenwick, as Western's Man of Distinction.



Photograph by Johnson-Malone



An elderly woman was escorting two little girls around the Zoo. While they were looking at the stork, she told them the legend of the bird—how it was instrumental in bringing them to their mamas. The children looked at each other with sly glances, and presently one whispered: "Don't you think we ought to tell the dear old thing the truth?"

"So you know Miss Trumpet, the famous actress?"

"Oh yes—we lived next door when we were kids. Then we were the same age—but now I'm 35 and she's just 18!"

A Scotchman: A fellow who saves all his playthings for his second childhood.

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"You know that pretty little woman who said she was a widow?"

"Yes"

"Well, she isn't!"

"Does your uncle carry life insurance?"

"No, he just carries fire insurance. He knows where he is going!"

"What kinda woman did you marry?"

"She's an angel—that's what she is."

"Boy, you sure are lucky. Mine's still living."

"How much do you charge for taking children's photographs?"

"Five dollars a dozen."

"You'll have to give me more time, I have only ten now."

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### A Sense of Proportion

He was ninety-seven. As his servant wheeled him down the avenue he noticed a Follies type beauty crossing the street. He turned to the servant, heaved a sigh, and exclaimed: "Oh, to be eighty again!"

A well-known history prof. tells of Paul Revere's ride: As Paul galloped along in the night, he stopped at a house. A woman came to the door and Paul cried, "Is your husband home?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Tell him the British are coming," yelled the intrepid rider. At a hundred homes, the same procedure—to each wife he'd say "Tell him the British are coming." At the last house, a woman came out, and Paul again cried, "Th your husband home?"

"No," she replied.

"Then to hell with the British," shouted Revere.

When a woman is in love, she goes into ecstasy—a man goes into details.

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## OLD PRODIGY

A very sad story is mine to relate,  
Concerning a poet whose talent was great,  
Except for one feature of metric design:  
He never could get the right number of  
words in the last line!

Great promise he showed from his infancy  
days,  
Astounding his folks with his precocious  
ways,  
And making up rhymes that approached  
the divine;  
But he never could get the right number  
of words in the last line!

He wouldn't give up, though he endlessly  
tried  
To have something published—a sop to his  
pride.  
No slips of rejection could make his re-  
pine,  
But he never could get the right number  
of words in the last line!

Although he is old, his ambition remains  
To gain immortality through his qua-  
trains.

But he'll never make it—I know—the  
fault's mine;

You see, it's I who never can get the right  
number of words in the last line.

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### Hitler's Power

A correspondent called on Reichsfuehrer Hitler, at his mountain castle. The dictator's home looks down into a very deep canyon. The correspondent asked Adolph point blank, "Are you really the dictator that we read so much about?" Hitler laughed sarcastically and answered, "You will see if I am here the dictator. Herr Lieutenant, come here." The lieutenant saluted and Hitler shouted, "Jump out of the window." The officer saluted again and jumped out of the window. The correspondent was amazed. The Reichsfuehrer looked at him and said, "You yet do not believe that I am here the dictator? Herr General, come here." The general approached. Hitler yelled, "General, jump out of the window." The high officer saluted and zoom, out of the window he went. Just then, Hitler's waiter came in with a tray of food. Nervously he set it down on the table. Hitler again addressed the correspondent: "You have a look in your eye like you don't believe yet that I am here the dictator. Waiter, come here." The frightened waiter walked over and Hitler roared, "Waiter, jump out of the window." The waiter saluted—and just as he was about to fly through the window, the correspondent halted him. "Tell me," he said to the waiter, "Do you mean that Hitler is so powerful here, so much the dictator, that you would give your life for him?" You call THIS a life?" cried the waiter—and jumped out of the window.

The penalty for bigamy—more than one mother-in-law!

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**MAX R. POTTER**

Sam had a very homely wife, but on all his travels he took her along. To a friend he said, "I have to take her along—it's better than kissing her goodbye."

Joe had a very homely wife. One day he came home earlier than usual and saw her in the arms of his friend Benny. He watched them hugging and kissing for a few moments, then cried, "Listen, Benny, I MUST—but YOU?"

He was walking despondently down Park Avenue when a friend ran into him—and asked the reason for the gloom. "I'm sick," commenced the dialogue. "I just came from Doctor Vanderwater—he charged me fifty dollars for the visit." "What, in time like these, you pay fifty dollars a visit?" "Yes, after all, a doctor has to live." "Then what happened?" "He gave me a prescription. I took it to the druggist—after all, a druggist has to live also." "Then what did you do?" "Then I threw the medicine away—I have to live too."

"Was that Jack's wife with him last night?"

"No—he never goes around with married women."

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.

When you tell a student "a penny for your thoughts," in the middle of the month, the guy takes it!

Bill King faced the judge—and became pretty flippant with his Honor. After a few such violations the angered Judge shouted, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." Bill laughed. "Believe me, Judge, five dollars don't begin to show my contempt."

### VISIT

THE

### DUCK INN CAFE

FOR

SANDWICHES — SHORT ORDERS

334 Thirteenth





Photograph by Johnson-Malone

Into my office early one morning, came a lodge brother of mine. He looked unkept. I said, "Max, you look as though you had slept all night in the park." "I practically have," he sighed. "I haven't been home all night because I am afraid of my wife. "She knew I had \$25 in my pocket when I left home last night and she knew I was going to play poker, but she thought it was going to be one of those penny ante games. Well, I lost every cent and I am afraid to face her." After giving him a lecture and telling him to go home to his wife, I gave him \$25. He thanked me and when he got to the door he said, "Lodge brother, could you let me have \$10 more—I'd like to show her I'm a winner."

#### Manly Sport

"Coming to the party, Mamie? We're going to play Post Office."

"No, Tom—why, that's a child's game."

"Not the way we play it, Mamie."

#### No Report

A newspaper cub reported was assigned to cover an important wedding. The editor waited for the phone call from the reported, immediately after the ceremony.

No call came and, after a few hours, the editor became apprehensive—this was an important wedding—where was the story? The cub finally ambled back to the paper and sat down at his desk. When the editor saw no "copy" coming, he bellowed at the reported, "Where is the story of that wedding?" "Oh?" nonchalantly replied the novice, "There was nothing to report—the groom didn't show up."

A doctor was addressing his class. He said, "Liquor has killed more people. Stay-nig out late has taken more lives. Smoking has taken more lives." A pupil arose and interrupted him. "Doctor, I'd like to ask you a question—what kills those people who live RIGHT?"

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## SABOTAGE

(Continued From Page 4)

How could "Cooty" Mannley sit down at the Inn with a book in his hand when Carol K. is sitting at his side?

Arthur Lowe and Garland Fink are better known as the Rover Boys of B. U. (Watch out girls) Woff! Woff!

Jim Fortune, did your car get torn up when Jean moved back up to Western?

A little birddogin' keeps the party interesting, but these yardbirds that bird-dog all the time get obnoxious. Take the gentle hint!

Paul Maddox will be a proud pappy pushing prambulator through the park in a paternal manner before the passing of many moons. Mrs. Maddox will be making many miniature clothes for their expected one.

Guy Smith seems to dodge all females. What's wrong Guy? Must love your independence.

The next time Paul Riner and Bill Flaherty plan to go squirrel hunting again, they would probably catch more squirrels if they didn't party the night before. Bill, why didn't you bring that little *skunk* home with you? It seemed to like you, or was it because John Paul wouldn't let you ride back to town with him if you did? It would have made such a nice pet.

Did someone say they needed a comedian in the crowd to brighten up the party? Just call on Bill Lashlee he's just the man. *Hadacall* yet Bill?

Hey Clem R. are those boys at your house bashful or something? They leave everything up to you.

The Delta Theta Coke Party turned out very nicely. Everyone seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

You see D. Bates and Wilma Jean together a lot lately. It seems to keep everyone guessing.

Charlie (The Shiek) Baker has started his harem. He has three young ladies surrounding him at the dinner table at every meal. Charlie, watch-out now or you might lose some weight.

There is always a *kitchen* in the house. Dimple Kitchen seems to be following in her sister's footsteps. First at Western then to B. U.

Won't it be nice to see the sorority pledges go through initiation. The girls not being able to wear make-up gives the

(Continued on Next Page)

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fellows an opportunity to see what a girl *really* looks like.

The boys seem to be rushing the new girls and leaving the familiar faces in Cold Storage. Don't forget fellows, it's not like putting beef in a frozen food bank. You may go back to draw on the supply and find that it has been confiscated.

Grady "Fat Boy" Manson, champion hash-slinger at Maw Tuckers, is definitely a confirmed bachelor; and still he lives and breathes like a normal "human-bean." Que Pase', Gordo?

Seen together quite a bit are Leary (Tweet) Wood and Betty Jo Gaddy. Cute couple! Doing a fine job of the shag are Jerry Baker and George Ann Massey.

This year we, mainly Bill Flaherty, welcome Betty Hedgepath to B. U. from the Hill. Hope you can stand us, Betty!

As usual the opening dance, The Anniversary Ball, was a fine one with everyone knowing everyone. Carl Himel seemed to be having a swell time. By the way, Carl, who *was* your date? The Pi Tau Nu's were all gay including George and Irene Fortin, Jerry Marrs and Robert Wilkins, Jerry Baker and George Ann, Bonnie Keller and Ralph Williams, Dutch Isert and Betty Siddens, Betty Peters and Bill Travers.

Janie Gerstle and Daryle Bates are at it again this year. Toni Andrews and Bob Allie seemed to be enjoying each other's company at the dance too.

After rushing girls for a week, the Kappa Beta's and Delta Theta's have decided they'd much rather rush the opposite sex.

Sounds like much more fun!

Riley seemed to be having a hard time making it to those 7:10 classes one week. Couldn't have anything to do with a certain little Alabama gal, namely Frances Walker, could it? Say, Bill Lashlee, who's the latest heartthrob? Karol Kluss and George Manley still going strong, also Benny Murphy and Eva Hammond. If you really wanta know how true, trus blue can be just ask Peggy Rye. Lucky boy that Al! Margaret Brooks, how does it feel to have a girl cut in on a dance? You didn't seem to mind too much, love those stags!

One of the B. U. and Western romances still going strong from last year is Wal-dyne Clark and Tom Murphy. Another romance of interest is John Carmichael and Beth Francis. Saw Marjorie Rombeau and Clem Rollins hitting the nightspots the other night, more fun!

Well, peoples, this is all for this episode, but don't give up hope, I'll be back with more dirt and stuff next month. Be seeing you!

---

"Who invented high heels?"

"A pretty girl who was continuously being kissed on the forehead!"

---

She was so knock-kneed that when she was walking I heard one knee say to the other: "I let you pass last time, now give me a chance."

---

A correspondent in a divorce case is a fellow who wishes that half the dirty things he is accused of were only true.

## Welcome Back Students!

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## A Round With "Dutch"

(Continued From Page 5)

dependent Club produced a fine dance. Louis Rahall and Poppy Hagan looked in mighty fine form. Betty Fae Siddens looked smooth as a whistle and we hope she enjoys herself at U. of K. as much as she did at the dance....Some bad epidemics spread around this summer, the worst being polio but the next worse was the marriage epidemic. Egad! Well, like the bulldog said when he ate the hot dog, "It's dog eat dog." All kidding aside (some people like limburger cheese—that is cream cheese with a secret weapon) there was much knot-tying recently. Pete Vaught now has a wife, the little gal he used to go see out in the country. Jim Badgett latched onto Ann Barteel. Bill Headrick and Jean, Doug Kirkpatrick and Lois, George Egbert and the former Carolyn Carper and gosh knows how many more. I do know of one that I can't mention at this writing as it hasn't been announced yet but it will be the surprise marriage of the year. The best of luck to Paul Dodson, Curb Technician at the College St. Inn. Mark my words, with his ability and personality that boy will go places some day. Paul believes the fact that in life you need more things besides talents. Things like tolerance, understanding and common sense....A good example of perpetual motion is a cow drinking a pail of milk....While looking at a menu of the Boston Lunatic Hospital for Thanksgiving Day 1877 I see that they had Oyster Stew, Attrition Bread, Dutch Loaf, Bonds Crackers, Toast Buttered, Toast Dry, and Toast a la creme, Fruit Cake and Oolong Tea. They didn't believe in the adage that you can't live by bread alone....The Cotillion Club put on one of the nicest Juxe Box Dances that I have ever seen, on September 16th. An orderly, interested group danced and en-

joyed themselves in spite of conflict with smokers and a football game. Three cheers to Grace Lane and Al Griffin who worked so hard to make it a success. Many couples that we all know were there. Some steadies and some not. Bill Howard, a frosh, carried Ruby Moore, Earl Woodward escorted Duple "Duplex" Grant. Also there was Dave Helton and Jean Ferguson, Corliss "I fell up the steps" Barber and Armond King, Roy Clark carried Patty Atkins, and it was obvious that Pat Hugart agreed to go with Berry Dobson cause there they were. Thanks for the coke Berry. Charlie Thompson was with the short brunette seen so often around B. U. lately, Edna Corny. Joan "Monk" Love and Joe Booher made a nice pair on the floor....Lita Lewis, Mr. Le Grande said *not* to get your shorthand at any of the nearby restaurants but to do it at home where you could concentrate....Incidentally, Lita's mother makes scrumptious apple-pie....A little advice to the girls at school. "A dress may impress, but a sweater is better," or so Sid Baron says. I agree....Head for the round house Frances, Tuffy can't corner you there....Say fellows, here's four interesting new frosh. Helen Wojtowicz, Cynthia Neff, Mildred Aldridge and Colleen Shultz. Nope, I won't give you their addresses, that's up to you. It's good to see

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two Tony's in school now, Tony Andrews and Tony Katsaboulas. One is an attractive lady, the other a nice looking curly headed brunette male. Find out which is which, it'll help increase your knowledge of students. That's what is nice about our school. We're just like one big happy family here at B. U., everyone knows just about everyone else. One discrepancy in our unit in the past and that has been the lack of school spirit. A few have to do all the work to produce the few social activities that we have time for. An old farmer once told me that many hands make light work....Harlan, Ky. produced three lovely young ladies this semester in Betty and Juanita Kallam, and Bobby Jean Howard. Thank you Harlan....Louise Popplewell is still engaged and Tish Acree is still ticklish, and to top it all off Wilma "Snap" Snodgrass is still keeping me awake in class. Things haven't changed too much after all—Benny Murphy swings a mean varnish, especially at Eva Hammond's and Vicki Ratcliff's apartment. The "lunch counter" looks nice Benny. May we all have many good cups of coffee over it.... George Manley has had a *little* trouble with his car. Could it be that you need a new one "Cooty"?....Harold Siddens is back and at last word he was staying with Clyde Cole....Do any of you know what a Zombie is? I do—it's what some men drink and other men marry....Jack and Jim work awfully hard to keep people happy at the Grill. Nice work fellows.... I like the silent pictures best. Their return I would greet with a shout. Ah, to see a woman open her mouth, and not a sound come out....Word came around that Sue Neely has been quite ill. We are sorry, but if Bill Lashlee would take her

a posey she might get well sooner....The new Rec Center is terrific and seems to be doing nicely....It's good to see Rose and Slim again, dishing out coffee by the gallon....That we can live without our appendix is only half true. The patients can but the surgeons can't....Carlisle Wiley and Bill Hightower work feverishly to keep everyone happy and we all appreciate it but sometimes our etiquette is lacking. You all know what etiquette is. It's knowing which end of a match should be used as a toothpick after meals....Two interesting girls who have been keeping in the background are Donella Hume and "Corny" Cannon. Hope we didn't scare them off....Paul Revere invented the radio. He broadcast from one plug—ug!.... W. L. J. got so excited over the tigers at the Shrine Circus that he fell off the bleachers....By the way, Rene Radwin and Ray Bell were married during the summer....People who are getting bald shouldn't feel bad, after all they're always gaining face....Tutt Snodgrass saw some beautiful horses in Louisville at the State Fair. How about the women Tutt? Come now....Thomas and Edgar Pun going in the Inn at 7:08 to eat breakfast before a 7:10 Trig class. Climb their frames Rarrall....Betty Lou Hedgepeth finds it difficult to stay awake during her 7:10. Take some no-doze Betty....Have you seen Charlotte Hardin's plaid shirt. Put your sun glasses on before you look and put your ear stoppers in, it would wake up the dead....Jim Fortune and Jean are back at the Moose Lodge again after Jean's long vacation....Martha Brauns, sometimes you confuse me beyond all repair.. Try to help Frank stumble *over* the curb

(Continued on Next Page)





and not on it, please....Doris Gabbard, although not in school is still seen around the student hang outs. The fact that Curtis is still in school doesn't have much to do with it—much....It's a long way to Louisville just for breakfast, has anyone been recently....Margie Rambeau and Leary Q. discussing the situation over a cup of joe....Bill French and Joe Smith cogitatin' over their Indexing and Filing. Do you take your box with you every place you go—Joe?....Isn't it odd how people go through life so seriously when they know it will kill them in the end.

That's all I have space for this time and I had lots more to write about but the November issue is coming out so I'll save it. If any of you know anything on your friends or would like any notices (except lawsuits) printed just give them to me or send them to Dutch Isert, Business University, Bowling Green, Ky....Lets all be a little friendlier and I'll leave you with this parting thought. It is the presumption that everyone wishes to grow, develop, and progress. The question is how. Trust yourself enough to invest in yourself—take time to develop yourself.

Sincerely,  
Dutch

"Aren't you glad the football season is here?"

"Yes, now a fellow can walk around with a girl on one arm and a blanket on the other and no cop gives you a funny look."

"Fish and relatives begin to smell bad after three days."

"Will you have a peanut?"

"No, they're fattening."

"What makes you think they're fattening?"

"Did you ever see an elephant?"

### Legal Snooper

Nathan had to consult a lawyer and went to his office for advice. After the conference, Nathan ran into a friend on the street and told how he had just come from a lawyer. To which the friend editorialized, "Why spend money on a lawyer? When you sat in his office, did you see all the law books there? Well, what he told you, for your big money, you could read in those law books." "Your right, Nathan, "but he knows what page it's on."

### Gentle Hint

Tom and Bob were playing golf for the first time. After the first hole, Tom said, "I made it in four." "I made it in three," answered Bob. After the next hole, Tom again reported his score. "I made this one in seven." "Ah, I made mine in six," returned Bob. On the next one, Tom announced that he made it in five. And Bob replied that he made his in four. After the next hole, Tom yelled, "I made this hole in ONE—get under that if you can."

A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad—an optimist hopes so.

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## Gossip

(Continued From Page 6)

you don't believe me, just call 1701. (My how your voice has changed, Mabel).

Well, guess I've done all I can in telling you where, so from here out it's up to you to find out how. B. U. (love 'em) has already got a dead start of two weeks on us. So let's all get on the ball and create a little disturbance.

For the benefit of the old students I'll try to tell you what has happened to some of your classmates. On the married list we have the following:

Dot Taylor and Ed Haynes; Nancy Groom and Bob Kirk; Elsie Rapier and Nick Diachenko; Betty Topmiller and Dan Ward; Jane Peden and Bob Lavoy; Joy Davis and Buddy Cate; Trudy Richie and Raul Lara; Pat Cloud and Bill Lewis; Naomi Rebinson and Dale Schrenk; Patsy Bohannon and Tom Montelli; Louise Bridgewater and a boy from her hometown. Yes, they have all said "I do, for better or worse."

The engaged couples are popping out all over, too. Jesse and Delphine; Andy and Sue; and Frank and Joan. You can look for these weddings next summer—if not sooner.

We will also have several lonely folks on the campus this year. Maybe they should form a "Lonely Hearts Club." With Phil at U. T. Judy Pruitt will have a lot of free time. One doesn't know how well they like each other so, boys, there may be a chance for you to squeeze in. Wonder if Gene Glod will miss Jane? Not many girls have cars up here for you to drive around; but keep looking, Gene, you may find another one.

Frances Smith will probably miss Joe, but a girl as cute and nice as she won't be very lonely long, I'm sure. Little Ina T. looks lost without Phillip in tow. I'm pretty sure that this is another girl that

can fill an empty place soon. Bobbie Jean will be free this year, too. Things are looking up for the male population. Good luck to you, boys!

And, natch, we still have some old faithfuls back together again. Top on this list is Dee and Shirley. Here's another year for a swell and cute couple. Joan G. and Dick Z. enter this group of faithful ones, too. And, of course, what is love without Sonny and Clara. Things likek this can go on for years and years, but there must be a decision some day.

Mary and George U. still make a fine couple and James D. and Sara D. seems to be hitting it off fine again after a certain person transferred to U. K. Someone said Homer and Jean N. had broken up. Oh, we hope not—they make such a cute couple. Maybe they'll make up like Rodney and Betty Sue have done a hundred times since they've been going together. Wish they both could make up their mind to stay together for good. Seems as though Laverne and Dendell have gone back together again after several months of outs. No two people have more in common than they. Here's hoping it lasts a little longer this time.

Boy, look at that time!! Classes will go on, so I must close for now. You might not know it, but I'll be seeing you around on the campus, so be good and I'll see you next month.

### It's in the Blood

The teacher was holding class. "Who made all the new bridges, Johnny?" "The New Deal," answered the boy. "Now, Billy, who made all the nice public buildings?" "The W.P.A.," came the reply. "Now who made our beautiful trees, Tommy?" "God did," came the answer.

"Republican propaganda, teacher—don't pay no attention to him!" shouted Harry.

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## Rigger Meets Mr. LeGrande

(Continued From Page 8)

when I was born, they couldn't tell whether I was a boy or a girl till they got me down off the chandalier and- - -"

"Yes, yes, Rigger, We know," interrupted LeGrande. "Now find a seat and sit down and we'll continue. There's one in the last row in the corner.

"Kay, kay, kay, gay, gay, gay, gay, underith, overith, underith, overith, forward, foreward, foreward, "intones the teacher.

Rigger slouches foreward in his seat and continues to write.

"Foreward, foreward, foreward," cries Mr. LeGrande, who can tell at forty paces if his students are making the characters correctly. "Foreward, Rigger. Foreward."

"If I sit any more foreward, I'll fall off this seat, replies Rigger.

After the laughter has died down, Mr. LeGrande patiently explains what he means by "foreward" and the lesson continues.

"If you can't think what to write," asks the instructor, "Wha' cha gonna do?"

The answer rolls back from sixty pairs of vocal chords: "Write something!" And as the lesson precedes, everyone, including Rigger, writes "something."

Says the teacher, "Now we'll have a little dictation. As I read the sentences, you write them down and then we'll see if you can read your own writing. But first, how many think shorthand is easier today than it was yesterday?" Six girls raise their hands as the Prof beams.

"Thank you girls. Shorthand is easy, isn't it? How many think shorthand is easy?" Six girls raise their hands. One of them raises both hands. She wants to be certain of an "A".

The dictation begins. After he has read the sentences, the instructor looks over the class for volunteers. Six girls are waving their hands. Subterfuge is necessary, so in a conversational tone of voice, he asks, "How many of you here are from Kentucky?" Rigger, having just enrolled in the class, innocently raises his hand along with the six girls.

"Thank you, Rigger, for volunteering," purrs Mr. LeGrande. "Do you think you can read some of the words back to me that I've just read? Since you've just come into the class, I can't expect too much from you."

"Why shore," replies Rigger confidently. "I kin read all of ut. It's easy, jist like you said. And with that, he reads the entire passage without hesitation to the wonderment of the whole class.

LeGrande is plainly astonished. "That's marvelous, Rigger. I can't understand it. You must have had a course in shorthand in high school to enable you to do it so well."

"Nossir," says Rigger. "Ain't never been to what you'd call a real high school. Ain't never had no short hand before atall."

"I can't understand it," mutters LeGrande. "Let me see your paper." After it is passed to him, he stares at it in surprise and then at Rigger.

"Why this ain't—I mean isn't shorthand. It's—It's—I don't know what it is, but it certainly isn't shorthand. What is it?"

"Why, that's writin'," replies Mrs. Mortis' boy, perplexed that anyone could be so dense. "That's the way I always writ. Is they sumpin wrong with it?"

"As writing, I can't see anything right with it, answers LeGrande, weakly. "As

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a new system of shorthand, though, you might have something. What is this v-s you have here?"

"That's vs—vase—what you put flowers in," answered Rigger. "I thought everyone knowd how to spell vase."

"And what's this that looks like m-t-r-c-r?" continued LeGrande.

"Motorcar," replied Rigger. "You ought to know what it is. You jist read it to us."

Mr. LeGrande overlooks this observation and says, "Take this down as I read it and write as fast as you can because I'm going to read as fast as I can." Taking a book of Joe Miller's jokes (copyright 1832) from his pocket he reads a lengthy, somewhat pointless joke at his fastest speed.

Rigger is laughing at the end as it is the first time he has heard the joke but it doesn't interfere with his speed and he finishes neck and neck with Teach. Slouching on his backbone, he reads the joke back perfectly.

Mr. LeGrande seemed to totter on his podium. Finally, in a halting voice, he addresses the class. "Friends, Romans, and —" he falters. He has aged noticeably in the last few minutes, but with a supreme effort, he pulls himself together and begins again. "Boys and girls. The simplified shorthand system which you have on your desks is the result of centuries of painstaking research. Brilliant minds have sweat and strained so that you may have a method of recording speech quickly and efficiently. And now, today, "he grips the edge of his desk to keep from falling and continues. "And now, today, into this classroom walks an individual who can not spell his name correctly but who, through ignorance, has developed a system of his own which is faster and easier to learn than the one I've been trying to drill into you. It must be easy or he wouldn't be able to do it. It cuts me to

the quick to say this, but I have reached a decision. Tomorrow, Rigger Mortis will sit in my chair and instruct you in his system of shorthand and may Gregg forgive me for using that work in this connection."

In the quiet of the hushed room, Mr. LeGrande stumbled wearily to the door, an old man before his time. There he stopped and turned his haggard face again to his class. "If anyone wants me, I shall be drowning my sorrows at the Inn." "Yes," he whispered brokenly to the stricken faces before him, "I shall drink lime-ades until I drop. I shall try to find peace in the dregs of a coke glass. I MUST forget this whole horrible experience."

The door swung gently to and he was gone. The class was numb for a moment and then turned as one to stare with balefuleyes at the unwitting cause of it all.

Rigger was at a loss. "What'd I do?" he muttered. "What'd I say? What's a-wrong with that guy? What'd he get mad for?" Before anyone could answer, he continued, "Well, I can't hang around here all day. I got to go to typewriting class." With that, he took the direct route—through the window and disappeared.

Thus ends Rigger's first day at B. U. It was his last, too. Yes, he quit. When he arrived at the typing class and found that the typewriters had no letters on the keys, he was heard to remark that he wouldn't stand for such "foolishment" and walked out. He hasn't been seen or heard from since, and with him into limbo, has disappeared his revolutionary shorthand method.

Mr. LeGrande has fully recovered with no ill effects from the lime-ades and can be found at his old stand in room 8 every day except Saturdays and Sundays.

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## Jest Rambling

(Continued From Page 10)

I see that the Sweet Shop has a new method of increasing business. They have built a new drive in front of the place and any car that turns in real fast drags a passing student in with it. About the only way a student has the right away around here is in an ambulance. Well, now we can class the students as the quick and the Sweet Shop's customers.

Speaking of customers, I dropped in a restaurant in Nashville on the way home last semester. As I ordered corn on my plate lunch, the waiter told me that there had been a bad corn crop in Tennessee. Before I had finished with my lunch, I had eaten 24 acres of corn. The corn stalks were so puny, the waiter told me, that the crows had to kneel down to eat it.

While we are on the subject of the country, here's a little watered joke I would like to present to you.

The girl cousin from the city had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Dunno," wearily replied the husband. "Perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

You know this could go on forever, but I'm about to run out of jokes (?) so I'll part with a few remarks to the freshmen. Just remember, there is plenty of knowledge to be had here at B. U. You didn't bring in any and the seniors never take any out. Just remember this and you can't go wrong:

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## QUESTIONS

- A** When hard times hit, you need not worry,  
He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B** Read it inverted with one minor switch,  
You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C** A trunk, a pause, a meadowland;  
You'll find them all on every hand.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
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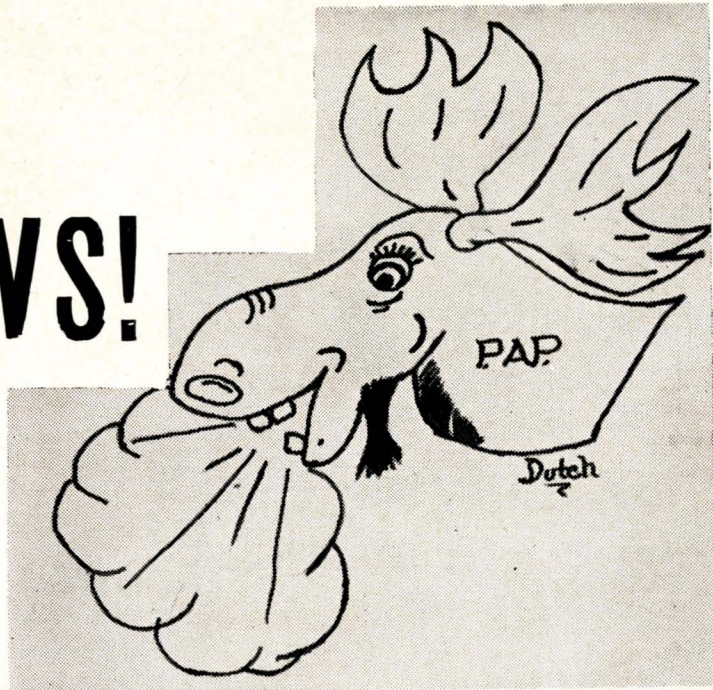
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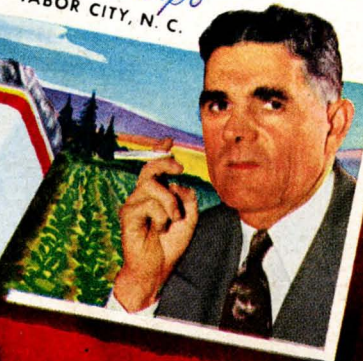
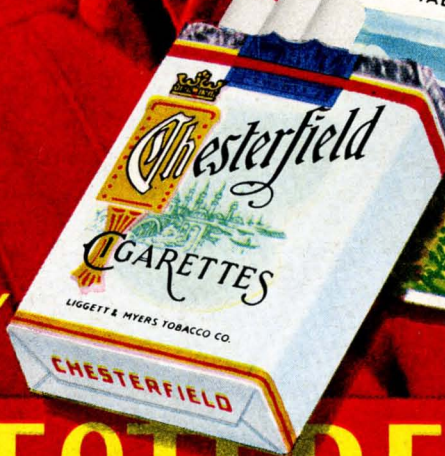
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